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DECEMBER, 1950

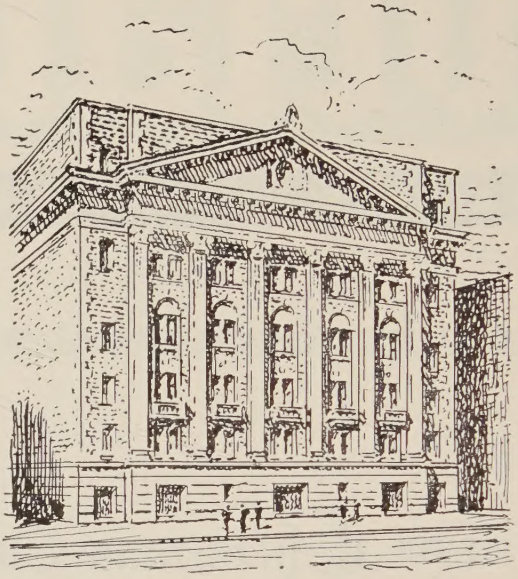
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Christmas Everywhere

—*Phillips Brooks*

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight:
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright.
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII | ***December, 1950*** | *Number 9*

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Sunday, December 17, at 7 o'clock
ANNUAL CANDLELIGHT SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PLAY
Candlelight Service by Children of the Church School

CHRISTMAS PLAY, Dickens' "CHRISTMAS CAROL"
by The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, directing and playing the part of Scrooge

Monday, December 18, at 8 o'clock
CANDLELIGHT SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PLAY REPEATED

Wednesday, December 20, at 8 o'clock
DR. BRADLEY'S CHRISTMAS BOOK REVIEW—
"THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHRISTMAS STORIES"
by Eric Posselt

Friday, December 22, at 7 o'clock
ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL
A fine program—Visit from Santa Claus—Gift for every child

Sunday, December 24, at 11 o'clock
CHRISTMAS SUNDAY SERVICE—Dr. Bradley's subject
"THE LIGHT THEY COULDN'T PUT OUT"

Sunday, December 24, at 7 o'clock—Dr. Bradley's subject:
"THE OLD STORY IN A NEW WORLD"

Sunday, December 24, at 11 p.m.—CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE—
Dr. Bradley's subject:
"EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS TONIGHT"

Sunday, December 31, at 11 p.m., until midnight
ANNUAL WATCH NIGHT SERVICE

"THAT'S A FAST ONE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
In the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, October 22, 1950

WE are continuing this morning the series which I began last Sunday on "Do We Mean What We Say?" when we say certain very familiar and well known phrases which are in the common speech of all of us, which we use almost every day of our lives. Today we are going to think a little bit about the idea of the phrase "That's a Fast One." Now when I notice the smiles that creep across your faces when I use that phrase, I have a pretty good idea of what some of your reactions might be, because there isn't one of us I believe but what at some time in our life has been the victim of somebody who pulled a "fast one." I think each of us, sometime or other along the way has been a victim. We have been betrayed; there has been falsification against us and the tragic experience of losing faith has been ours—we have lost confidence in someone in whom we had trust. Sooner or later something happened—some situation impossible to anticipate arose, and our reaction was, "Well, they pulled a fast one." We have tried to help somebody and we gave of our means and our help as best we could and we were completely convinced of their sincerity. It is always interesting to see how insincere people can sometimes be so impressive with sincerity. They are basically paradoxically constituted people and we trust them, and we honor them, yet the first thing we know they pull a fast one. Then we become disillusioned and our confidence is shattered and broken and destroyed and it is impossible for us in many instances to ever repair the broken structure of confidence and love. We have all had that experience. In business relationships we find the news is filled with people who have betrayed confidences —in real estate speculations—in instances when we have entrusted someone with our resources and our money and they have betrayed us—something happened and the thing collapsed about us. These experiences I do not need to repeat because there isn't one of us who hasn't had them.

So it is in our international and diplomatic affairs. Nations pull fast ones. Sometime we feel that the diplomats have so organized a problem and have brought such fine analytical and creative judgment to bear on an international situation, and we are in such a position of unifying solidity about a program or a policy, that we feel at last, as we take a deep breath of relief, that there is some semblance of dignity and of the decencies of life and society, and then some nation pulls a fast one, and as we speak about it and discuss it later we say "Well, they certainly pulled a fast one—or he certainly pulled a fast one," and there isn't any area of life free from this devastating experience of having our faith and our confidence completely demolished. There is no more devastating experience of life than to be battered by someone we have trusted. That is devastating, and the suddenness with which this experience can come doesn't enable us to prepare for it. We do not anticipate that someone is going to pull a fast one.

Perhaps we are too gullible—I don't

know. I only speak for myself, but I am one of the most gullible people alive. Anyone can make me believe the moon is made of green cheese. I always take people at face value, and some of the biggest heartaches I have had have been because of it. People can be unusually convincing to me; so I suppose some of the trouble we get into is because of the fundamental constituency of ourselves. We are temperamentally inclined to gullibility. I easily become the most perfect example of the "fall guy," that you could ever see anywhere. I have had the wool drawn over my eyes so completely in contacts and with problems I have had to face, and when they have pulled a fast one I have been completely disarmed for a minute, sort of disjointed; I just didn't know what I could do about it, the disillusionment and the reaction was so great.

Though it is one of the common experiences of life, yet when I think about the tragedy of being too gullible, and when I meet people who aren't gullible at all, I think I would rather be gullible than "ungullible." You know, when I walk down the street in the loop and in some of the areas where I have to go on sick calls, and in hospitals, people can sidle up to me and with the most pathetic look in their faces and with the most agonized expression, ask me for a handout with such facility and artistry that I never refuse. I was talking to a friend about it the other day and he said, "Well, you are just a fall guy. They pulled a fast one on you." I admit it. But down deep in my heart, I would rather be deceived a hundred times and falsified about 100 times than I would to let one deserving person go unrewarded when I had it in my power to help them. I would rather be a victim a thousand times than to have a human soul battered into complete failure because I failed them when they really needed it. Just as I have many examples of where they have pulled a fast one on me, I have other examples where lives have been readjusted, where a new synthesis was born and where confidence was reestablished, and where the face turned toward the stars again when it had only been looking toward the gutter. The compensations for one act of help overbalance all the reactions and disappointments that have come because someone pulled a fast one.

I suppose the difficulty of not being able to know when one is going to pull a fast one is partly the victim's fault, but you never can tell. There is no norm, no standard. I have known business associates for many years, who started out by pooling their little interests together and I have known them to get along for 14 or 15, and I have one concrete illustration in mind, for 20 years of business relationship, and then all that has been broken and there has been evidence, verified by proof, that a member of the firm has been stealing and cheating for many years, then they tried to pull a real fast one and that was their undoing. To these people who are basically distorted in their moral sensitivity so that they think they can continually cheat life, and cheat themselves, and cheat their fellow men, sooner or later the climax comes in a fast one. It is the fast one that trips them up. There is no denying this fundamental observation, that a person cannot be fundamentally wrong and fundamentally right at the same time, and that when we attempt to cheat, either in our friendships, in our lives, in our business, in our politics, in our statesmanship, in our work, we are headed for the end of the way. Do not think that because you are endowed with cleverness you will get by. Cleverness is a curse. More people have come to the

end of the way through cleverness than through any other means. I am always suspicious of the clever person. The person whose outstanding quality and characteristic is cleverness. There is justification for your suspicion against them. When an individual thinks he can make up for hard work, for sacrifice, for honor, for nobility, by being clever, that person is on the way to destruction. And if there is a young person who isn't aware of that truth, who is hearing these words of mine, either present or invisible to me, let these words burn their way into your soul. Beware of the danger of cleverness. There is no substitute for fundamental worth. There is no substitute for good, honest, hard work. And if you think you can pull a fast one and get away with it, you are the most deceived person on this earth, and there never yet was a person who tried to pull a fast one, that the fast one, in the slow and equitable continuous grinding of life didn't catch up with the one who pulled the fast one. Never. You are not clever enough to avoid that. If you think you are, I pity you. Get another philosophy. Get another point of view. For the fast one you try to pull with life is fast enough to always overtake you. You think in the fast one that you have been able to gain your point. You think in the fast one you have been able to gain your dollar; you think in the fast one you have been able to create your own safety and security; you think in the falsification of life you are able to establish its reality. Well, you are not. I care not what your social status might be, what your financial status might be, your political or your religious loyalties, you can't cheat with life. You can't do it. Oh, the heartaches and the tears we see all about us everywhere in myriads and myriads of restless, anxious, clever lives, lives that try to run away from the reality of themselves by artificial stimulus, lives that try to run away from themselves by the creation of artificial and superficial environment. You can't run away from yourself, and all the alcohol, all the dope and all the frivolity and all the confusion, will not take you away from yourself. You have a right to victory; that's the tragic thing. Life is constituted for victory. The struggle of it is beautiful. It is noble. Life was never designed for failure. You were never meant to be a failure. You weren't born to be a failure. You weren't born to have only a life of trouble and heartaches and disappointment and disillusionment, while people pulled fast ones on you.

You have been dignified by the nobility of the human spirit. You are a human being and life was designed and patterned for beauty and truth and goodness and love and honor. All the other things are not yours. Your eyes were not made only for tears. They were made for the lilt of love and the laughter in them. Your heart was not made only to break; it was made to sing. Your life was not made to be one of loneliness and tragic sorrow. These come to us along the way, but if our lives are integrated and in order, and we follow the principles and the philosophy of the integration of our own personalities, nothing is in our way, and no matter what they do to us, we have survival and redemptive powers. To think that more people will not believe this or give one the opportunity to convince them of it is one of the daily tragedies of my life.

I believe in the dignity of the human personality. I believe that every human heart, whether it is under a black skin or red, brown or yellow or white, I believe that the great common denominator of humanity is one and the same thing, and that each human heart

vibrates to the eternal melody of the divine. Therefore, I do not think that our lives have to be crushed and broken, or that those who give promise of a great and a beautiful future need find themselves baffled and denied that future. It need not be at all. Perhaps one is listening to me now, or perhaps you are seated out somewhere in these seats and you say to me, what can I do about it when I am betrayed, and someone pulls a fast one, and I become the victim of this and the victim of that, what can I do about it? I have good news for you—the best news you ever heard. You listen to me, young woman; you listen to me, young man; and you listen to me, you people of every age level, and those of you who think the whole thing means defeat and confusion and consternation and chaos; you just listen to me. I have the best news in the world for you and it is very simple.

First: It is wholly and absolutely unnecessary to accept as permanent anything you now are. It doesn't matter what it is. Not one of you need accept anything that now is in your life. I don't care what it is. Whether you are so full of vice that it has devitalized all your spiritual sensitiveness and your conscience has become so seered that you cannot even hear it any more. That can happen. It doesn't matter whether you have been a character assasin, whether you have hurt and destroyed and ruined your life till you feel life has pulled so many fast ones there is nothing you can do about it. I have great news for you and tell it to you with authority. You need not accept anything of the past or anything of the present as the final expression of your life. It isn't yours. It doesn't belong to you. You can discard it. You can get rid of it. You can tear it up and wipe it out of your life. You say to me "When shall I begin?" I have good news for you there, too. Right now, before I close the sentence; before you leave the church or switch off your radio.

If you are a broken, bruised, battered personality and a victim of this and that, and your own conscience doesn't strike you, and you have been deadened and surfeited by the vulgarities of life and are no longer sensitive to any decency, I am going to burn these words into you. You will not forget them. I am burning these words into your very soul, beyond your conscience, way beyond that, for some of you haven't any conscience. Its voice is gone. So I am burning this into your soul.

There are hearts in this audience and hearts listening to me now that at the conclusion of this broadcast will never be the same again. Lives are being transformed in this moment. It's a precious second of time. Some have already made up their minds. A young woman, a young man, a middle aged woman, a middle aged man, an old woman, all confused with life, and everything is piled up. It is all over; finished. You have made the first start. It came out of the inspiration of that loud speaker there. It came out of the vibration of the walls of this sanctuary of worship. You are a changed person. You will never be the same. Something happened to you a moment ago. You started up the highway to dignity and beauty and greatness. Write me about it this week, will you? Tell me what happened. Some of you are never going to be the same again. These words of this service have touched you, and no matter how many fast ones they pull from now on, they are not going to be fast enough to catch up with you on your glorious, happy, dynamic, buoyant, vibrant journey through life. That's what life was meant to be. Now

you stop this silliness and this being an infant. You stop all this business and put your shoulders back and put your chin up and you click off the radio and you meet this old world right in the face and you will see what kind of a week you will have. Some of you are going to have the best week you have had in a year this week. I know it. Some of you will feel a thrill of life you haven't felt for five years. Some of you will create an entire new environment for the spirit of God is at work this morning, and that spirit will work as it has always worked, miracles, so let the miracle begin with you.

When I went back to my little college at Alma not so long ago, where I entered its portals when I was a lad of 16 years old—the first college I ever went to, nearly 50 years ago, I made an inquiry. There was a young, brilliant student when I was studying there, his name was Francis Cobb. He was the envy of us all. He was a fine student and he was great in his appreciation of literature and particularly poetry, and he wrote some beautiful poems for our college paper; and our Professor of English used to say, as he would read the essays of this young man submitted in our English class, "Here is a young man who is going to write his name high in American literature." We all dreamed of his having a great future, being a great writer, a great voice. I had lost track of him through all these years and I said to a very old professor, "What happened to Francis?" He shook his head and said, "Doctor, he caught up with his horizons and is now keeping books in a laundry."

He caught up with his horizons. Don't catch up with your horizons. Keep the dreams and the hopes. Never catch up with your horizons and life will be victorious!

God Is Near On Christmas Eve

The stars hang very low tonight
Against a velvet sky——
So near that standing tip-toe
I may reach them if I try
To touch with daring fingertips
The spheres that rocket by!

The air is crystal cool tonight——
I think that I can hear
The angels up there carolling,
Their voices sweet and clear.
The air is filled with holiness
And God seems very near.

This Holy hush—and sense of Peace—
The Presence close tonight,
Renew each Christmas Eve the faith
That keeps my heart alight——
A faith as firm, unswerving
As the stars so near and bright.

—Luella Bender Carr

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Jan. 8, 1:00 p.m.—Civil Service and Law Observance Depts. Speaker, Hon. Judge Robert J. Dunn. Guest artists, the Park Ridge School Chorus. Chairman, Mrs. F. C. Klemp. Hostesses, Mrs. W. Blyth, Mrs. H. Gaensslen and Mrs. J. Goode

Jan. 22, 1:00 p.m.—Public Health Dept. Speaker, Mr. R. W. Artis, Dist. Supervisor of Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Guest artist, Virginia Hellner, Contralto. Chairman, Mrs. Walter J. Springer. Hostesses, Mrs. C. Booth, Mrs. H. Graham and Mrs. C. Kaufman

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Dec. 12, 8 p.m.—Florence Curtis, Program Chairman, will present Mr. Goodrich Q. Lewis, Vice-President of the W. H. Miner Company, who has made three trips to Africa, and will show the movies taken on those trips. Benefit Program, open to the public. Admission 50c.

Men's Club—Meets January 22nd, 8 p.m. in Anderson Hall. They will present a Movie under the auspices of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the State of Ill. "You the People" with a short address by Sgt. Alvin Rowder. also, extra attractions, refreshments. Ladies night. Guest fee 50c.

The Uptown Players—Studios 869 N. Dearborn St. MIchigan 2-3105.

Dec. 3, Christmas Drama Tea in Anderson Hall, 4:00 p.m. J. Bradley-Griffin will direct a one-act play, "A Sign Unto You," by Gene Lee Latham. Christmas Carols will be sung by The Uptown Players Quartette.

Dec. 10—Auditions for membership at the Studios, 3:00 p.m.

Dec. 16—The Players will present "Goodbye My Fancy" in the Haven School at Evanston, Ill.

Dec. 17 at 7 o'clock and Dec. 18 at 8 p.m., the Players will present Dickens' Christmas Carol at the Candle Light Services in The Peoples Church, with J. Bradley-Griffin directing and playing the part of Scrooge.

For January coming attractions see under Peoples Church items.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)—
1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in the Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.
Ushers' Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.
Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.... 7:30 p.m.
Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864—4th Friday each month,
Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WIND—Every morning, Monday through Friday, 10:45 a.m.
WJJD—Every Sunday, 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
WBBM—Every Sunday night at 10:15

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS time is the heart time of the year. It is a sublime hour, when argument and speculation are intruders. Controversy seems out of place and theological vageries have no response. We care not at the Yuletide for the barren literalness of dogmatic religionists. They sound a discordant note in the gladsome music of the Christmas symphony. The world does not ask on Christmas morn about miracles in astronomy. It is too occupied by the lovelight from the glowing eyes of a little child. It is seeing the miracle of love and is singing its song of joy after a pilgrimage where it followed a star.

Wherever love has its habitation, there Christmas dwells. Every discordant, devitalizing, destructive thing in life may be ultimately and permanently eliminated by the spirit of love and unselfishness. Christmas proves that. It is harder to hate in the Yuletide. Words are softened when Christmas comes. Forgotten friends suddenly are remembered and tears spring without embarrassment when old memories are awakened. In all the long, long year it is the one time when even the wisest and the most invincible admit the beauty of true sentiment without fear of becoming merely sentimental. A little more of that sentiment unobtrusively permitted to hover over the life during the year would make Christmas last longer.

I am rather certain that this old, old world needs nothing quite so much as the technique of making Christmas last. Envisage such a world! Love, unselfishness, devotion, gladness, music, starlit nights, Angel voices and Shepherd hearts—all this is Christmas. The world gives all this an unhampered opportunity as the year dies. Its efficacy no one doubts. The power and glory of it springs from the beauty and incomparable splendor of an unselfish life. At Christmas time life and its little ironies assume new and proper proportions. We see the way more clearly

while the heroic quality of the life we honor gives us more courage to take that way.

I hear the divine melody of an ancient song. Why or how the singers came disturbs me not. The song is the thing that matters. The whole wide world is happier; and would become progressively better if it would forget its sophistication and in childlike wonder, with open mind and loving heart, would let the Christmas song, "Peace on earth to men of good will," become the motivation of its life.

You Can Keep In Touch

The Church of the Larger Fellowship was organized to keep in touch with those Unitarians and Liberal Christians who move to communities where there is no Unitarian or Liberal Church or Fellowship Unit.

Through letters, sermons, pamphlets, THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER and other publications, the Larger Fellowship keeps in touch with isolated Unitarians and Liberals. It is their church and through it their interest and support of Unitarianism and Liberalism is maintained.

Should you be located temporarily where there is no Unitarian or Liberal Church or Fellowship Unit, write to THE UNITARIAN CHURCH OF THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP, 25 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

Invocation

God of the wilderness and the desert places,
Shine in the soul of me till it blossoms like the rose!
Shine in the heart of me! God of icy regions—
God of the flowers that sleep under winter snows!
God of the flowers that wake when spring breathes on them,
Breathe on the soul of me until it wakens, too!
God of the whole great earth, live in the life of me!
Be Thou the heart, the soul, of whatsoe'er I do!

Saidee Gerard Ruthrauff

PEOPLES CHURCH

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL"

I should like to see and greet personally all the readers of The Liberalist, all the members of our Church and all the Radio friends, but of course that is impossible. So to my friends far and near:

I send my earnest prayer and sincere wish that you may have strength for every duty, wisdom for every problem, help for every trial, comfort in every sorrow, joy in everything you do.

Keep the Christmas spirit aglow. Do not let it die with Christmas night. May it dwell in your hearts and homes and abide with you all through the days of the New Year.

Your friend,
Preston Bradley

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

On the first Sunday of every month, The Peoples Church of Chicago publicly receives at the morning service those who have united with the Church during the preceding month. New members are asked to take places reserved for them in the front of the Church facing the pulpit. They stand as their names are read and a very impressive service of union takes place immediately after the opening hymn. This public recognition is necessary before complete membership is established.

Uniting with the Church is a very simple process, but not a perfunctory one. Those desiring to unite with the Church are asked to send or give their names to the Pastor or the Church Office. No assent to any credal statement is required. People coming from other churches are asked to secure their church letters before sending in their names. Members of the radio congregation are invited to membership and will be received into the Church.

The next public reception of new members will be held on the first Sunday of the New Year, January 7, 1951. If you desire membership in the Church will you kindly contact Dr. Bradley or the Church Office.

Sunday Morning Service..... 11:00
Broadcast WJJD
Sunday School..... 9:30
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
Sunday Evening Service..... 7:30

BOOK LECTURES FOR DECEMBER

Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

Dec. 6—"THE AGE OF FAITH"
by Will Durant

Dec. 13—"IDEAS AND MEN"
by Crane Brinton

Dec. 20—"THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHRISTMAS STORIES"
by Eric Posselt

Dec. 27—"MID-CENTURY"
by John Ely Burchard

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Music Department of the Woman's Club will have charge of the December 4th meeting, with Mrs. G. P. Hettinger, Chairman.

The program will be given by the Egyptian Music Camp Scholarship Winners. They are:

Elaine Stamos.....Soprano
Kenneth Gengler.....Tenor
Carol Miller.....Flutist
Jenny Hawes.....Pianist

The hostesses will be Mrs. L. Hangel, Mrs. C. Larson and Mrs. P. Reisenhus.

On Monday, Dec. 18th, the club's annual Christmas Party will be held, with Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh, Chairman. The program will be in charge of the

Veterans and Volunteers Department, presenting Jane and Carl Rupp, comedy team, in "Musical Contrasts."

Hostesses for the day are Mrs. C. Anderson, Mrs. H. Bestorp and Mrs. C. Randall.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY BENEFIT PROGRAM

Trip Extraordinary Over Africa

Mr. Goodrich Q. Lewis, Vice-President of the W. H. Miner Company, who has made three trips to Africa, will show a combination of the movies he has taken on these trips, on Tuesday, December 12, in Anderson Hall.

This will be a Benefit Program in which the Professional and Business Woman's Club will join with the Preston Bradley Auxiliary.

All who have seen these pictures and heard Mr. Lewis say they are unusually excellent. Mr. Lewis might be called an "expert-amateur" photographer.

You will have a review of these trips from New York to Capetown; to Johannesburg, Praetoria, north to Mozambique; then through the enormous National Park in Southern Africa. This will be the most interesting part of all, for one will see the lions, zebras, elephants and all the wild animals native to that territory in their natural habitat. Visitors to this park may not get out of their car unless they go with a proper escort and are out of the park by sundown.

You will go through Zululand where gold mines are 7,000 feet down in the earth. You will see the gorgeously beautiful Victoria Falls.

An hour and ten minutes of the strange beauty and wonders of Africa, while sitting in comfortable Anderson Hall.

Admission to this Benefit Program will be 50c and the public is welcome. You will be helping the Preston Bradley Auxiliary carry on its work with the North Side home it maintains for wards from the Juvenile Court who are being thus saved and rehabilitated for a useful life.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

In addition to assisting in sponsoring the African Lecture, the Business Woman's Club will give its regular Annual Christmas party to the young girls of Lakewood House. This is a private affair of the club and in the nature of an intimate house party.

MEN'S CLUB

The Men's Club does not present a program during the Christmas month, but is planning a very fine program for their January meeting, on January 22nd. They will present a film under the auspices of the Crime Prevention Bureau of the State of Illinois. This is a short film called "You, the People." Following the film, Sgt. Alvin Rowder will give a talk on the film. There will be additional attractions. Refreshments will be served and it will be Ladies' Night. Guest fee 50c.

The Uptown Players

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of The Uptown Players, is home from the hospital and fast becoming his normal and energetic self.

The Christmas Drama Tea will be given Sunday afternoon, December 3, at 4 o'clock, in Anderson Hall of the Church, when J. Bradley-Griffin will direct a one-act play, "A Sign Unto You," by Gene Lee Latham. Christmas Carols by the Uptown Players Quartette.

December 10, at 3 o'clock, at the Studios, 869 N. Dearborn St., the Uptown Players will hold their Decem-

ber auditions, when anyone interested in any phase of the theatre will be welcome for audition.

On December 16th, they will present "Goodbye My Fancy" at the Haven School in Evanston, and on the 17th and 18th, at 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. respectively, they will give Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in the Peoples Church at the annual Candle Light Services, with their director, J. Bradley-Griffin, playing the part of Scrooge.

For their January production, the Players will do "Shadow and Substance," by Paul Vincent Carroll. The play was a great success on Broadway and received the Critics' Award as the best play of the season. It is a deeply emotional drama, flavored with a fineness of spirit which will have an especial appeal. There will be ten people in the cast, headed by Mr. Bradley-Griffin. It will be given Saturday night, January 13th and Sunday matinee, the 14th.

The January Drama Tea will be held January 7th, at which the very talented Betty Carter will direct a one-act play. January auditions will be held January 21st at the Studios.

A Thought On Prayer

(Given by Dr. Bradley at the Sunday Service, October 29, 1950)

Prayer is sometimes a willingness to change our minds; and it is God who changes our minds. So prayers are sometimes not answered as we hope they will be, not at all. But there has never yet been a prayer uttered, when the answer was not what we wanted it to be, but what the answer was the right answer. God always gives the right answer. It may not be ours, or our desire, but it's always the right answer. So prayer is an attitude just as much as it is phrases or words. It is an attitude just as much as it is a ceremony or a routine that we go over.

Prayer is the blending of your heart with the heart of Divine Love, and then letting that love have its full sway in our lives and our hearts; and no prayer goes unanswered; none. There is always an answer.

I like to give this little homily about the power of prayer, because I know it has power. Now relax. Don't make pragmatic your problems or difficulties or anxieties. This is God's world. We are all God's children, all of us; no exceptions. Every faith, every creed, every color. We are all one family. God's children. God loves us and there isn't a problem which you have in your heart right now that God hasn't an answer for. And if you will put yourself in harmony with that Divine truth, that answer will come. Healing will come. Strength will come. So I am going to ask every one on this day, when so many people are enjoying its beauty in these last remaining days of this lovely autumn, preparing for the ravages of the winter which is ahead of us, to put yourself in the prayerful frame of mind and heart, and strength will come back into your veins and arteries and all the week will be different.

BOOK CHATS

FOR our Christmas Book Chats I am calling to your attention a very beautiful book recently published by Prentice-Hall and edited by Eric Posselt. The book is called "The World's Greatest Christmas Stories." Fritz Kredel has done the illustrations.

The editor tells us in an introduction to the anthology that although there have been, over a period of years, quite a few anthologies of Christmas stories, some of them excellent, yet all of them were limited almost exclusively to stories by American and English authors. In this anthology of which we are writing, for the first time, the masterpieces of twenty-three different nations are brought together, thus justifying the proud title "World's Greatest Christmas Stories."

Mr. Posselt undertook an enormous task, and has included not only Christmas stories but at the beginning of each country's stories there is a Christmas song from that country, with the words given in both English and the foreign tongue.

It seems to me there could be no finer way of acquainting one's self with the spirit of Christmas in another land than through their songs and Christmas stories. The impact of the Nativity on the creative geniuses of the world has been particularly profound. The world's greatest paintings, the world's most famous music and a number of masterpieces of prose have been directly inspired by it, says Mr. Posselt. "The national atmosphere and the intellectual climate in which the individual artists live cause them to react in different ways. In some the story of the advent of Christ on earth has inspired deep spirituality and devotion, in others pensiveness and brooding, and in yet others gaiety and joy, even though, in essence, all of them are merely retelling in their own way and in their own fashion the one eternal story of peace on earth, good will toward men, and glory to God in the highest."

Most of the European stories, so the editor tells us, are completely unknown to the English-speaking world, or have been printed in some long since forgotten magazine. The great majority have never found their way into an American or British anthology of Christmas tales. Fourteen of the thirty-nine stories were translated especially for this volume. Mr. Posselt tells us that the Christmas songs with which each country is introduced are, with the exception of the English ones and a few gems like "Silent Night," completely unknown in America; and outside of the fact that they, too, open windows into a beautiful though sometimes strange world, they may well become, in English translations, a valuable addition to our catalogue of sacred music. "I consider myself singularly fortunate," says he, "to have been able to walk for a span with the great of the world's literature. The task of finding in so many different lands and languages at least one fine story for each has frequently been difficult; but the joy of discovery is the explorer's own reward." The page and a quarter of acknowledgments in which the editor expresses gratitude to individuals for their invaluable help in selecting and securing stories and songs reads like an extensive tour of the world, and is interesting in itself: U.S.A.; Aus-

tria; Belgium; Bulgaria; Canada; Czechoslovakia; Denmark; England; Finland; France; Germany; Holland; Hungary; Ireland; Italy; Poland; Portugal; Romania; Russia; Spain; Sweden; Switzerland and Yugoslavia.

Surely this is a book of great value; a treasure to possess. One never contemplates spending Christmas all alone. But, as I thumbed through this book, I could imagine a lone individual before a fire with this book in his hands, spending a mighty pleasant evening with many interesting neighbors from many different lands. What a treasure is a beautiful book! And this one is truly beautifully bound, plentifully illustrated, with an extra plastic covering for protection of the cover illustration. I do strongly suggest you look through it at your favorite bookstore.

* * *

If you are thinking of books for gifts this Christmas and you have a friend who likes adventure, may I suggest you consider "Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl, mentioned in our October Liberalist? There is the "Land of the Free Series" for young people, giving the story of many of the early settlers of this country from other lands. "Look Younger, Live Longer," would be gratefully received by those who believe in careful planning for a healthy, happy life. For your friends who enjoy collections of aphorisms, there is a little book of Sir William Osler Aphorisms, from his bedside teachings and writings. Sir William Osler was not only one of the greatest physicians of all times, but was probably one of the best loved. Doctor, humanitarian, scholar, author, historian, he was above all a great human being. A friend said of him: "Like all things that are wonderful and true and different, it is almost impossible to write of him." I opened the little book at random and read this: "It is easier to buy books than to read them and easier to read them than to absorb them." Again, "The all-important thing is to get a relish for the good company of the race in a daily intercourse with some of the great minds of all ages." And again, "This higher education so much needed today is not given in the school, is not to be bought in the market place, but it has to be wrought out in each one of us for himself; it is the silent influence of character on character and in no way more potently than in the contemplation of the lives of the great and good of the past, in no way more than in 'the touch divine of noble natures gone'." Another: "The all-important matter is to get a breadth of view as early as possible, and this is difficult without travel."

Much of the material in the book of aphorisms is published for the first time. It was uttered at random in the hospital wards by Dr. Osler and these thoughts and comments were jotted down by Dr. Robert Bennett Bean, who accompanied him on his rounds during their two-year association. Though it may be especially a distillation of Sir William's philosophy and a volume of inspiration and counsel for all interested in medical practice, Dr. Osler was always concerned not only with the specifics of medical research and progress, but with the much broader, humanistic aspects of medical science. He was exceptionally cosmopolitan and sophisticated, often wryly humorous. He contends that "Soap and water and common sense are the best disinfectants." Also, that "More people are killed by over-eating and drinking than by the sword." And he adds that "The glutton digs his own grave with his teeth." So, you will readily see that one need not be headed for the medical practice to enjoy Dr. Osler's Aphorisms.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AS I dip into the December Mail Bag, suddenly I realize that Thanksgiving hasn't arrived, yet I'm thinking about Christmas and I haven't bought one present or made one plan, and Christmas only five weeks away! Oh, it just can't be! But it is.

Don't let's get hysterical about it or be stampeded, but do let us sit down calmly and make our list, from Grandma and Grandpa down to the littlest tiny tot in the family; then another list for friends. Then start tomorrow, one gift at a time, and stroll along to Christmas with a loving thought for someone each day. It just isn't any fun and there is no sentiment when one waits till the last day or the last week and tries to shop all at once for everyone. It's so unkind to the long-suffering clerks at Christmas, and it's unkind to ourselves and to everyone we love to remember.

Isn't it significant that *every* country has a Christmas? Each country has its own national holidays, its various feast days and days of remembrance for its heroes and beloved sons and daughters, but, thanks be to the Father of All, the whole world has Christmas! And Chicago's famous Museum of Science and Industry is helping to bring this home to us in a beautiful way for each year the Museum gives a portrayal of Christmas around the world. Children and parents alike will be delighted with the display and programs. This year the project opened on November 25th and runs through December 10th. The Museum, as you know, is at 57th and Lake Michigan, reached by bus, street car or the Illinois Central. By auto, just take the outer drive. At this 9th Annual Series of "Christmas Around the World" programs, Yule traditions and customs from around the globe will be portrayed through pageantry, songs and dances, with theatre presentations daily at 2:00, 7:30 and 9:00 p.m. No admission is charged. Tickets for the theatre presentations must be secured at the museum to assure visitors of seats, and there is a limit of six to a family. The Museum cannot mail these tickets.

Afternoon programs are given by high school groups and evening programs by various nationality groups of Chicago, with a wide variety of folklore customs and traditions.

Should you wish to dine at the Museum, Christmas dinners featuring favored dishes of the groups represented by the day's programs will be served in the Museum dining room from 5:00 to 8:30 p.m. at cost.

The schedule for the remaining dates is as follows:

Friday, Dec. 1	Danish
Saturday, Dec. 2	German
Sunday, Dec. 3	Ukrainian (afternoon)
	Hungarian (evening)
Monday, Dec. 4	Greek
Tuesday, Dec. 5	Mexican
Wednesday, Dec. 6	Italian
Thursday, Dec. 7	Swedish
Friday, Dec. 8	Dutch

Saturday, Dec. 9.....British
Sunday, Dec. 10.....United States

As one enters the door of the Museum, there is an avenue of Christmas trees (19 nationalities are represented this year) and every tree is trimmed according to the tradition of the country it represents.

There is a legend of the first Christmas tree, handed down from generation to generation, that Martin Luther, while walking in the forests of Germany one Christmas eve, was suddenly aware of the beauty of the starstudded sky twinkling through the branches of the evergreens. The sight was so appealing to him, he rushed home and in attempting to describe it, placed candles on the branches of a small pine to simulate the starlight. Tradition calls that the first Christmas tree, but history shows that the evergreen, because of its year-round verdancy, has been worshipped as a deity by the druids who walked the German forests long before Luther was born, and was used by the early Christians as a symbol of their enduring faith, and by the pagan Greeks and Romans as a wreath of distinction. But whatever its origin the Christmas tree has been adopted by almost every nation as a Christmas tradition and symbolizes the material aspect of festival-making, just as the manger scene typifies the religious and spiritual side.

It is truly an experience and a bit like a trip to other countries for the holidays to see the unusual trimmings of some of these Christmas trees at the Museum. Apples, nuts, candies and cookies were the first to be hung from the tree. From there, the originality and ingeniousness of each nationality has made its own peculiar contribution.

On Lithuania's tree you will see straw from the fields tediously fashioned into windmills, birdcages, bells and geometric designs which gives a fragile beauty unmatched by anything modern industry has yet devised.

The Swiss tree has the snow of the Alps, gaily decorated pine cones and gilded nuts. France's tree assumes a dainty feminine elegance with sugar bon-bons and exquisite paper ornaments. The Polish tree is spectacular with brightly colored paper peasants, clowns and miniature toys. Japan's tree boasts tangerines and little rice wafers with fortune telling slips inside. The children may find many ideas among these trees for varying the decorations on their own Christmas tree.

Santa Claus is different in different lands also. Though he comes down the American chimney, leaving his sleigh and reindeers on the roof, in Holland he uses a white horse and so the children, to insure his stopping at their house, leave carrots in their wooden shoes. And in Germany he is called Kriss Kringle, and in France Le Petite Noel.

Well, whether you're a child or a grown-up, do not miss the Museum of Science and Industry's "Christmas Around the World."

Before we look into our very interesting Mail Bag, perhaps you would like to know that for Thanksgiving Dr. Bradley had a lovely homey day, with many members of his family around him. Jimmie (J. Bradley-Griffin) was back home from his sojourn at Augustana Hospital, on a diet, but gaining each day in strength. Mrs. Judson, Dr. Bradley's sister, and her husband came from Linden, Michigan, the old home town, and Dr. Bradley's niece and her husband, the Carl Lind's from Linden, with their two boys, Preston Bradley Lind and Judson Lind, and Dr. Bradley's niece and her husband from Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, the John Paul Lind's. Thanksgiving day is

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley's wedding anniversary, so it was good to have the family near.

* * *

And now we look into the Mail Bag, and the first letter we take out is one in which all the members of the church will be interested, as it is from Mr. Victor G. Miller, and the letter speaks for itself: (You will remember that on a recent Sunday morning at the service, Dr. Bradley told of Mr. Miller's long and faithful service as an usher and friend of the church and of his leaving for Atlanta, Georgia, with his family.)

"Dr. Preston Bradley. Dear Friend and Pastor: Over the miles I send you this greeting of love and friendship.

"We are now settled in Atlanta in a lovely home on a beautiful street. I miss our church on Sunday morning and not being able to hear your voice. The weather here is wonderful and everything is nice and green. Even though we are 700 miles away on Sunday morning, I am with you in spirit.

"For the many years we have been together I am very grateful. Many things you have said in your sermons have helped more than I can tell you to give me a different outlook on many problems, and have made the road of life much easier to travel and helped me to take the right road.

"Some unseen power must have brought me to Wilson Avenue one Sunday morning and caused me to enter the Wilson Avenue Theatre Building and hear you preach. From there I followed to the Pantheon Theatre. I was present when the corner stone was laid on our new church building, and also was at the dedication service.

"I have been happy and very grateful that I have had the honor of ushering all these years. I have made many friends and I know that these friendships will last as long as life itself.

"I was a charter member of the Usher's Club and I wish to say I have never been together with a finer group of men, and their friendship is very precious to me and will always bring back pleasant memories.

"I do not want to write a letter so long that it will bore you. I will close by letting you know how grateful I am in having your friendship which I shall always cherish. I hope you will be spared and have the strength to carry on for many more years and be an inspiration to many who are trying to find a way to travel in this troubled world.

"If this winter you come this way, you will make us very happy if you can only spare a little time and drop in on us and say hello. We are just a few houses from Cumberland Ave. My wife, daughter and son-in-law send their best regards. Give my best regards to Jimmie. I will now close with all my love and best wishes.

"Your old Usher,

"Victor G. Miller,

"1475 Lanier Pl. N.E., Atlanta, Ga."

* * *

The love of animals seems to make the whole world kin, and as most of Dr. Bradley's church members and radio listeners as well know that he is fond of dogs and has a little dog of his own, named "Skipper," (who is now 14 years old, which is quite an old man for a fox terrier) I thought you might be interested in some of the reactions mentioned in a letter from Mr. Bert W. Fultz of 3338 N. Paulina St. Dr. Bradley read from a letter of Mr. Fultz at a recent Sunday service, many of you will remember, when Mr. Fultz mentioned a long list of catch phrases which would fit under Dr. Bradley's series on "Do We Mean What We Say." Mr.

Fultz writes his ideas about "Try it on the dog."

"Dear Dr. Bradley: This letter is about dogs. There is no man on this earth who loves dogs better than I do. In raising a family of six children, one of the necessary things in my home was always a dog. In my house there has lived every kind of a dog from the mongrel to the pedigreed, and my children were taught to treat the dog with the same respect and kindness that they treated everyone with whom they came in contact.

"My experience has taught me that there is no living thing that will respond quicker to a kind act or a kind word than a dog. The old saying that a dog is man's best friend is so very true, and seldom indeed do we ever find that a dog will turn on his master. I think dogs are able to understand sound only. I do not believe they can comprehend words, other than by the sound which the words indicate. But they quickly grasp the sound of a cruel word, and wag their tail in appreciation of kind things said to them.

"It is my honest opinion that if we ever felt tempted to say an unkind thing to someone we would change our mind quickly if we would 'try it on the dog' first, and watch the reaction:—watch the little fellow run under the bed, where he will remain and cow with fear until the sound of kind words reaches his ears. Then he comes running out with an expression on his face that seems to say 'Thank you, master, for your kind words.'

"The dog will not carry a grudge as some people do. No, indeed, he will have no malice in his heart, but will forgive and forget a thousand times quicker than our fellow-man.

"Then too, a dog will quickly detect 'banana oil,' which is a phrase meaning insincere praise, nonsense and deception. We may fool our friends into believing that we 'mean what we say,' but if you 'try it on the dog' you will soon find out that he won't believe one word you utter. I have the opinion that if people would be like the dog in many respects, this would be a better world. Let there be no confusion about 'banana oil.' We have it handed to us every day of our lives and should take it with a 'grain of salt.' Like the dog, we should suspect they 'do not mean what they say.' We may say 'It's all right by me,' but in our hearts we know and feel much different.

"I do hope the sermon of October 29th will be published in the Liberalist, so that Mrs. Fultz may read it. She is hard of hearing and cannot get all you say on the radio.

"With very best wishes to my dear friend, I am

"Yours very truly,

"Bert W. Fultz."

Mrs. Fultz has long been a victim of arthritis and therefore listens on the radio. This letter was such a delightful little essay on a dog from one who knows about dogs, that I thought you would enjoy it. Mr. Fultz told also about selling a home where he had buried a dog in his yard and had cut the name "Pal" on a stone marker. When the home was sold the new owner respected the little marker and never had it moved.

* * *

At Christmastime last year, our Chicago poet and artist, Mr. Frank H. Keith, a frequent contributor to the Wake of the News, who recently gave such a fascinating program for our Women's Club, sent an original thought which he marked for Dr. Bradley. It came too late to get into the December Mail Bag then, but Dr. Bradley asked that it be published this December. And here it is:

MY CHRISTMAS WISH

May God bless your Christmas
With wonderful things
Befitting the birthday
Of King of all Kings.

May God make your Christmas
As merry a day
As red wreaths and candles
And pine trees portray.

May God fill your Christmas
With faith from above
And the power to conquer
Life's evils with love.

May Christ grant your Christmas
The joys He began,
And God bless your Christmas
As only God can!

Frank H. Keith.

* * *

From the Congregational Unitarian Church of Flint, Michigan, came a beautiful scroll, which will soon be framed and hanging on the church office wall:—

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN CHURCH OF FLINT, MICHIGAN IS HONORED TO PRESENT THIS CERTIFICATE OF AWARD TO

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

for his dynamic leadership in the cause of high religion; his inspiring radio messages; his literary achievements as an author; his leadership in civic reform movements and his understanding and interpretation of world events.

Leon Rosser Land,
Minister

Sept. 29, 1950

* * *

And again from Michigan, this time from Dr. Bradley's home town of Linden, came the following letter:

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Linden, Michigan
Rev. A. E. Cameron, Pastor
119 W. Broad St.

November 13, 1950

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

I received your check for $22.03 to cover the cost and installation of the electric clock, which now hangs in the Sanctuary of our Church, silently ticking off the time—'a thing of beauty and a joy forever' and a very nice Memorial to the twelve year old boy, Preston Bradley, who was received into this church years ago. This clock will be a constant reminder to the people of Linden of the boy who went up to the big city of Chicago, and made good in a big way. God Bless You, Doctor Bradley, as you carry the heavy responsibilities of your great City Church.

Another step in advance has been made in this little Church since you were here, namely, two very nice rest rooms in the social rooms of the Church, and the 'sealing in' of the concrete floor, making it somewhat warmer.

The annual turkey dinner, sponsored by the Men's Club, went off in a big way, all tickets being sold before the evening of the dinner, Saturday, November 4, leaving a handsome sum in the treasury of the Men's Club. The various activities of all the different organizations of the Church reveal real interest and growing strength.

Again thanking you for the beautiful electric clock, and praying that God's richest blessing may ever attend you in your great work for the Master of us all, I am

Fraternally yours,
A. E. Cameron."

* * *

Here is an interesting and pleasant little letter with which to close the De-

cember Mail Bag. It comes from Hines Hospital, Ward C-319, signed "A Listener Who Will Greet You Later."

"Dear Dr. Bradley: Please take a bow, Doctor Bradley, for I'm nominating you as 'America's Voice of Kindness.' I have heard you many times over the air, and as part of your audience. I have wondered many times what was *the* outstanding quality of your voice, and the answer is kindliness.

"I'm 61, have always heard our good speakers whenever I had the chance, and you have all the good qualities of the best, and I'm sure you will be interested in the observation that your voice grows in mellow kindliness year by year.

"I was in your audience the night you were having your anniversary—the night Mayor Kennelly came down the aisle and wished you well. I remember you looked under the pulpit to see if Pres. Truman was going to pop up from the basement. No one would have been surprised.

"Your sermon today hits a bull's eye with me. This is my first visit to a hospital—my first serious illness. It's an experience which makes me humble and tolerant of my fellowmen. Three blood transfusions, and as I saw the red drops dripping down into my veins—drop! drop! drop! I thought 'Who's blood is that?' The donor might be a gentile, a Jew, or he might even be a thief or a Communist, or, as I said in writing of this experience to my brother, he might be a strong labor advocate down in Ohio—even a Taft Republican (which I don't happen to be). But all I could say was, 'Thanks, friend.' I wondered if I'd ever brushed him aside in traffic or done him some thoughtless unkindness.

"My next bedmate is a young Jewish lad who has only been in the ward a couple of days and keeps to himself, but he'll soften, they all do. When you started reading from Jeremiah I turned up the dial for his benefit. And he *listened,* too. Shortly after he turned to me and said 'Care to read my Sun-Times?' which was the first neighborly gesture.

"When I get out will check on the poet you quoted—Oxenham, I believe you said.

"Here's wishing you continued success in your wonderful ministry, and God Bless You."

* * *

CANDLE OF CHRISTMAS

A candle burning in the window
On the eve of Christmas Day
Will bid the little Christ-child in
And bless your holiday.
And, if for all the coming days
Its beam lives in your heart,
Your year will be a blessed one.
His love will not depart.

Margaret Drake Elliott

* * *

Your letters cheer and enhearten Dr. Bradley in his work. KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

I AM THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS!

I enter the home of poverty, causing pale-faced children to open their eyes wide in pleased wonder.

I cause the miser's clutched hand to relax, and thus paint a bright spot on his soul.

I cause the aged to renew their youth and to laugh in the old, glad way.

I keep romance alive in the heart of childhood, and brighten sleep with dreams woven of magic.

I cause eager feet to climb dark stairways with filled baskets, leaving behind hearts amazed at the goodness of the world.

I cause the prodigal to pause a moment on his wild, wasteful way, and to send to anxious loved ones some little token that releases glad tears—tears which wash away the hard lines of sorrow.

I enter dark prison cells, reminding scarred manhood of what might have been, and pointing forward to good days yet to be.

I come softly into the still, white home of pain, and lips that are too weak to speak just tremble in silent, eloquent gratitude.

In a thousand ways I cause the weary world to look up into the face of God and for a little moment forget the things that are small and wretched.

I AM THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

September and October

September

7—Address. Rotary Club, Hibbing, Minn.

10—Sermon. St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Ft. William, Ont., Canada

17—Opening Service. People's Church Willard Memorial Church, Oak Park, Illinois

18—Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library

20—Address. Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, Ft. Des Moines, Ia.

21—Address. Special Agents' Assoc., Svithiod Club, Chicago

22—Anniversary Address. Eastern Star, Masonic Temple, Joliet, Ill.

24—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Greater Bethesda Baptist Church
Address. 1st Annual Dinner, Chicago Committee for Encouragement of Chicago Talent. Honored Morris B. Sachs, Grand Ballroom, Stevens Hotel

25—Opening Luncheon. Woman's Club of Peoples Church, Kungsholm
Opening Meeting Men's Club, Anderson Hall

26—Address. Natl. Assoc. Printer's Ink Mfrs., Moraine Hotel, Highland Park

Address. Borrowed Time Club, Covenant Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.

Meeting of Board of Trustees, Peoples Church

29—Address. Auspices Congre.-Unitarian Church of Flint, in Auditorium of First Presby. Church

October

1—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Granville Ave. Methodist Church

2—Conference with Marshall Field
Luncheon Conference with A. L. Meltzer

3—Address. Civic Club, High School, Blue Island, Ill.

5—Address. Wisconsin Federation of Mutual Life Ins. Co., Schroeder Hotel, Milwaukee, Wis.

8—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Warren Ave. Church

9—Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
Address. Prof. & Business Woman's Club

10—Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Address. John B. Murphy Auditorium, Ill. State Nurses' Assoc.

11—Conference with Staff of WBBM
Dedication Address. Club House. IWLA, South Bend, Ind.

13—Attendance Reception by English Speaking Union to Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Kubelic, Leader Symphony Orchestra.
Attendance Great Books Meeting.

15—Morning Service. Peoples Church

17—Address. Wilson Jr. College

18—Address. Detroit Forum Central Meth. Church, Detroit, Mich.

19—Address. Conference of Club Presidents. Art Institute
Address. Past Master's Night, Masonic Lodge, Naperville, Ill.

20—Address. Trustee's Division, Ill. Library Assn. Meeting, Pere Marquette Hotel, Peoria, Ills.

21—Address. Guilford Waters Club, Board of Education, Morrison Hotel

22—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Meeting of Friends of Literature, Wurlitzer Hall

24—Address. Community Forum. Opera House, Traer, Ia.

25—Television Program. WGN-TV with Jack Brickhouse
Meeting re radio with A. L. Meltzer
Address. Friends of Literature Opening Dinner. Art Institute

27—Address. Marion County Teachers' Inst.
Address. Salem Rotary Club
Address. Marion Co. Teachers' Inst. All at Salem, Ills.

29—Morning service. Peoples Church 100th Anniversary Address. Monroe A.F.&A.M. High School Auditorium, Monroe, Wis.

30—Opening Radio Address. WIND
Dinner Address. Church School Anderson Hall, Peoples Church

31—Radio Address. (El. Tr.) WIND
Address. Farm Bureau, Jefferson Co. Congregational Church, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

WEDDINGS

September

16—Lorraine M. Kamadolski and Wm. A. Colerraine
Caroline C. Anderson and Victor Tordato

17—Katheryn Lovitz and Wm. B. Graves

21—June Warren and Kristvin Helgason

23—Laura Moore and Francis LeBel

30—Mrs. Carmen McGeever and Harry Stern
Barbara Foster and Hugh Larsen
June Davis and Paul Bodenchok

October

14—Agnes G. Montgomery and Sydney Young
Elva Jane Carter and Thos. W. Mitchell

15—Vicole Genot and Robt. W. Frey

22—Conjetta G. Marinello and Lawson Butt, Jr.

28—F. Alberta Woodward and Clifford L. Hanson

CHRISTENINGS

September

17—Randi Elaine Hagen, d. of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hagen

24—David Lucien Danziger and Stuart Lee Danziger, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Danziger

October

1—Kathleen Mary Schoonover, d. of Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Schoonover

22—Charles Joseph Matura, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Matura

FUNERALS

October

7—Neil Swanson

12—Roy Anderson

14—Mrs. Carrie Kendall

17—Albert Schultz

19—Mrs. Mabel Davidson

23—Mrs. Louise Bohlin

30—Mrs. Hulda Hard

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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